

the three months that changed my life

by Hayasaka.Shion

Category: Hamatora/ãf•ãfžãf^ãf©

Genre: Family, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Hajime, Murasaki, Nice

Pairings: Murasaki/Nice

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-07-13 19:20:34

Updated: 2014-07-13 19:20:34

Packaged: 2016-04-27 05:09:36

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,194

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: His time with Nice was like an experiment with drugs;

Murasaki craved for his voice, his face, his being, his spirit, his absolutely everything. He was utterly and completely intoxicated, and it took a few days for Murasaki to realize that what may have been a mere experiment had turned into complete dependence and raw need.

Reunion-inspired fic that I need to write more of.

the three months that changed my life

A/N: I am murani trash

* * *

><p>It'd been three months.<p>

Three months since Nice disappeared. In the bang of a bullet penetrating his head, in the heat and cold of being backstabbed by his best friend, touted by the media as an eternal hero. But Murasaki knows better than that, knows better than these superficial, fake fanclubs that spring up here and there. Nice wasn't a hero. Nice was a work of tragedy in himself; a work that he wanted to rewrite with a happy ending.

Two and a half months since Murasaki realized how much he liked the other man. There was something wrong, a bone-deep wrongness in not waking up to Nice's punches or bad-timed music blaring through his skull. There was something wrong in not being forced to take jobs worth all of two cents, in not hearing a cheerful _Murasaki!_ every time Nice caught sight of him.

It was just wrong, but there was no one to fix it.

Two and a quarter since he became aware of how much he missed the sound of Nice's footsteps beside his own. Walking through Yokohama is

a lonely experience, even more so if you've always been walking through it with someone beside you, someone you didn't know would make you get used to the company, someone you didn't know you'd ache this badly for.

Two since he realized how much he needed Nice to function, despite his vehement denials of any affection between them. His time with Nice was like an experiment with drugs; Murasaki craved for his voice, his face, his being, his spirit, his absolutely everything. He was utterly and completely intoxicated, and it took a few days for Murasaki to realize that what may have been a mere experiment had turned into complete dependence and raw need.

One and a half since a tiny, cold feeling spread into the cracks of his heart, whispering unnecessary, revolting things like he's never coming back and this was all your fault, you worthless piece of shit. Murasaki doesn't need voices telling him things; he's already beaten himself up tens and hundreds of times harder than any voices ever could. If only I'd been stronger that day. If only I'd tried harder. If only I wasn't so weak. If only..._

One and a quarter since he starts dreaming about Nice never leaving and wakes up with wetness on his cheeks and his hand on his heart, disgusted by how absolutely fucking useless he is and was. It's then he realizes that he physically needs the brunette beside him, or life just wouldn't be so... satisfying ever again. No surprises, no detours and no excitement. Rather drab, Murasaki thinks, and he's reminded of how he would have preferred that sort of a life before he met Nice. Another testament to the ways the beautiful man had changed him.

One month since Murasaki discovered what all his feelings add up to. Don't they say it often? The best kind of love is one that mutually allows two people to grow. Nice has expanded his vision on a lot of aspects, but Murasaki has to wonder what he's ever given Nice. But in the end the result is clear; he's in love with Nice.

("Hajime, I'm sorry, but I have to tell you this: I think I'm in love with Nice."

"How long?"

"I don't know. Maybe... maybe even the first meeting... Hajime? Hajime wai-"

"You should have told him sooner."

Murasaki's voice is muffled from the hug Hajime has initiated. "Yeah... I should have." His voice does not crack, and they do not share a moment of understanding.)

Half a month since life began to lose color; nothing really is the same, not without an irritating brown haired boy at his side. Murasaki and Hajime reestablish Hamatora Mark II, because you can't call it Hamatora without Nice. The jobs trickle in slower than before, but steady enough that they don't have to shut down. Murasaki takes everything out on his jobs, and he has a feeling Hajime does the same.

Three weeks since every picture becomes a waiting trap, and Murasaki

keeps turning around expecting Nice when it's just a two dimensional reproduction of him. He has to take down the frames at home; there's no way he'll ever get anything done when he's perpetually always staring at Nice's pictures.

Two weeks since he regains a bit of himself; and he tries to fill up the hole Nice has left.

("Hajime, I know I'll never be Nice. I know you miss him. I miss him too. But I'll try my best to be there for you, like Nice would have, if you'll let me."

"You're already there for me, like I'm always here for you. I'll talk to you, if you'll talk to me."

They stay up all night talking about Nice and themselves. Murasaki finds out a lot about the other girl he never knew before. He also finds out her one deepest desire.

"What I want more than anything else... Nice to come back and get married, so we can live like a happy family."

"You want a nice mama?" Murasaki questions, disbelieving. Hajime's not so tactless that she'd say this in front of him, who's in love with Nice.

"No, but I've got one dad, I just need the other one."

And that is when Murasaki realizes how sweet this girl can be.)

One week since Murasaki starts accepting that maybe, for him, life is always going to be dull now, without Nice beside him. But he'll try not to let it affect his life too much. After all, colorblind people did just fine without colors, didn't they?

All that breaks when he sees a life-sized yellow bear, the head whirling across to hit someone smack on the face, and suddenly there is Nice and Murasaki feels his blood singing, and knows Hajime feels the same way. The colours creep back into his life, and excitement courses through his veins with a buzz that pushes him on. He's done it again; another dose of Nice's drug, and this time he's not weaning off it so easily.

The fight is all motion and force; Murasaki just lets his body go on autopilot and it isn't until he sees Nice about to get hit by some psychotic bitch that he realizes, autopilot mode doesn't listen to reason but only his heart, and he is clocking a woman in the face just because of Nice. It's scary that the boy could make him lose that much control, but Murasaki doesn't care.

("Welcome back," he says, and Hajime echoes, Nice's hand on his feeling so right and just so perfect as he replies, "I'm home."

Murasaki would like to clock him as well just for leaving, but he grudgingly leaves that for later. He'd also like to bone-crushingly hug Nice, but that will be for later, too.)

(That night all three of them don't sleep, but make a pillow castle

and dig out chips and colas. It's not so much why'd you leave as much as it is how've you been, and a few hours later Hajime nudges him, whispering in his ear, "I'm going to get more drinks... you better go for it... dad." Murasaki blushes up to his neck at her words, something that Nice doesn't let go unnoticed.

"Murasaki, are you... blushing? Hajime, what did you tell him? Tell me!" Hajime just quietly leaves, and Murasaki understands what he's supposed to do as he begins.

"Nice, you were gone for three months," he starts, "things have...changed in that , and you will see those changes later, I'm sure, but what I wanted to say was really how my life... changed."

Murasaki is not good at this kind of conversation, but dammit if he's already started then he might as well finish. Nice is watching with attention, because he knows it has to be something damned important if Hajime-chan went out of her way to give them some space.

"When I first met you I thought you were some spoiled brat. I didn't know how you could be better than me. I, quite frankly, hated your guts.

"But then... somehow I started seeing different sides of you. I realized there was... so much more to you than what I thought there would be. You were so... true to yourself, so real that I couldn't help but be drawn to you. So I stayed.

"And... I know it's strange to hear but... in the time you were gone I... I realized that I... I love you, Nice. And I don't mean to pressure you into anything, I just wanted to let you know."

A weight lifts off Murasaki's chest but is soon replaced by another; the weight of anticipation of Nice's reaction.

The boy is staring at him with wide eyes, and Murasaki would have sworn his eyes were wet.

"Murasaki..." the All or Nothing Minimum holder braces himself for the inevitable rejection. "These three months, all I could think about was you. If I let my guard down for a second I'd end up thinking about you. All I wanted was to talk to you again. I knew I'd liked you for a while but those three months made me realize how deep I'd fallen for you... and now, you telling me you're in love with me is... is just like a dream, honestly."

The air deflates out of Murasaki. "Are you fucking serious," he says, and Nice can see sparks fly in his eyes as Murasaki opens both arms toward him, Nice responding so they're locked in a hug. Nice breathes out, "yeah, I fucking am," into Murasaki's dorky jacket.

"Oh god, Nice, this is the best thing that's ever happened to me." Murasaki has to actively concentrate to not use his Minimum and end up squeezing Nice to death. It'd be an awfully sad spectacle, after their recent confession. "Same, Murasaki, same," Nice responds, his hands too squeezing Murasaki's frame.

"So..." The perky brunette lifts his head up, and from their current position Nice is just a little bit higher than Murasaki is, so the

silver-haired man has to lift his head to meet Nice's eyes, "can I kiss you?"

"You're just raring to go, aren't you," Murasaki comments, before moving forward to touch their lips together. Not that Murasaki's ever fantasized about kissing Nice before, but the kiss tastes so Nice that he loves it. (Dorky pun fully intended.) Nice is far more daring in matters of the flesh than Murasaki expected, so it isn't long before Nice's tongue slips into Murasaki's mouth and takes the other by surprise, but soon enough he's too caught up in kissing back to give a damn anymore.

It's Murasaki who breaks the kiss first, slapping the back of Nice's head playfully. "Don't get into it, you horny teenager. We're going to have a good family night and watch movies with Hajime, you got that? And also..." Nice's pout turns into curiosity at the way Murasaki's sentence trailed off, "I'll take you out on a date tomorrow." The way Murasaki averts his eyes is enough for Nice to jump over him. So much cute he never would have expected.

Hajime, true to her word, comes back with more cans of cola and DVDs. "So are you two going to get married yet?" she asks, making Murasaki shocked at her directness while Nice just sputters, "Hajime-chan you knew?! You knew before I did?! No fair, Hajime-chan! Murasaki, you told her before you told me!"

Murasaki shakes his head, a complacent, nostalgic smile on his face as he watches the two most important people in his life just be there. "Yeah well, your fault for not being there," he teases.

They spend the night watching, alternately, Disney and horror movies.

The next day everything is a mess; Murasaki wakes up to Nice's foot in his face and Hajime using his stomach as a pillow. But all anatomical concerns aside Nice had somehow still managed to keep his hand firmly locked with Murasaki's. It's trivial and could be entirely by coincidence, but it still makes Murasaki feel happy inside as he gets up and goes to begin his day and make breakfast for his little family.

He sneaks a kiss on Nice's forehead as he leaves, just because he can, and he remembers just how much he'd missed this. Now that Nice is back, Murasaki is never, ever letting go again.

Never.

End
file.